



## Still waiting



love

fiction

sci-fi

200 19 14

### Chapter 1 by Anthea Leigh (GONE...)

"I'll never tell-". Christina's speech was cut off as the man stuck her head underwater once more.

It felt like an eternity before the large hand pulled her head back out.

She coughed as air filled her lungs again.

"Ready to talk?"

An Asian looking man sat in an armchair in front of the bassin. He wore a suit and tie, and a gold watch on his right wrist.

Two well built middle aged men were on both of her sides, the one on the left the one who was torturing her.

Christina spat at him. The man smiled disturbingly as he rubbed the spit off of his cheek. He motioned for the man to dunk her.

And he did. She was back under, and this time longer than before.

When she was pulled out, she felt weak. The man let go of her head, and her face hit the concrete floor.

"Now? Or must we torture you some more? Tell us where he is!"

Christina smiled as she sat back up "never!"

See more of Story Wars

Chapter 2 by Laura Frost

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

She woke up in a cell. Her face was pressed to the concrete floor, and she winced as she peeled herself off of it. Slowly, she made her way to the door, and peered out. Outside of her cell she

could see guards, and more cells like hers.

Wincing, she sat down carefully and leaned against the wall. She was covered in bruises and some minor burns from the crash. "Of all the moons to crash on, why did I have to pick the one with a secret Protectorate base?"

Of all the people to crash here, why did it have to be her? Christina Lebreux, resistance pilot?

They want her to give him up. Harrison Prim. Leader of the resistance, at least as far as they know. They know nothing and she's going to keep it that way, no matter what they do to her. The Resistance is everything and the Protectorate is not going to break her.

She can wait. They will try and she will wait.

The guards drag her away, and she smiles, because they don't know anything and they never, ever will.

### Chapter 3 by Lippy Fresh



CRASH- The sound echoed around her skull for a minute and she thought it was a torture method until she smelled smoke and heard blaring alarms. BANG-BANG-BANG-- gunshots. The guards holding her were suddenly gone--were they dead? No-- they had dashed away while they still had all their limbs intact-- smart--but cowardly. Was this a rescue? She didn't know what to believe anymore. Suddenly a hulk-like figure snatched her off of the ground where she crumbled. pain--Pain-PAIN and then black as she was carried away.

I wake. "That's more sleep than she's gotten in weeks-- " The conversation cuts off at that. "morning, sleepyhead" even though it is clearly night outside of the cockpit window. She recognized that voice... but another part of her head didn't care because she drifted to sleep again.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

My head was still a little fuzzy after all that had happened, but I was able to answer the questions well enough. "Christina Lebreux" I reply confidently.

"Very good, I hope that we can have lunch after we're done here. What is your occupation?" the voice asks, sounding a little more calm.

"I am a resistance pilot" I reply immediately, not trying to show any sign of hesitation.

"Excellent! Now, tell us where your leader is!!" he asks with a commanding voice.

Suddenly she wasn't in the white room anymore, she was back in the dark cold room bound and tied, dripping with water and gasping for air. "WHERE IS HE?!" a voice yells at her to answer. Her body shakes, and her breathe stutters. "TELL US NOW!!" the voice yells again, suddenly she can't breathe gasping air she utters these few words "n . n . .never"

#### Chapter 5 by Anjie Leigh (GONE...)



Time went. Days passed, weeks. Perhaps even months. Christina didn't know.

She started growing accustomed to her daily 'session' of torture, and figured out a few tricks; for example she could know when they were about to dunk her, from the facial expression of the boss.

She also learned to hold her breath for a significant amount of time: her maximum appeared to be three minutes, although she couldn't be sure.

The door to her cell flies open, and two large men come in. But they're not the usual; something's wrong.

She smiles. Someone's coming, and whether or not their mission is to rescue her, the look on their faces prove that it's something bad for them. The rebellion is finally on the move.

#### Chapter 6 by Niade Shaffer



As the two carry her from her cell, the appearances of the two men seem to flicker from those who were torturing her and those who she thought had rescued her. She groans with confusion

"What is going on was I rescued or was that all a dream" she asks herself trying to make sense of what had happened.

She is thrown into a small single chair. She is placed in the chair and her hands are bound to the sides of the chair. Her head spinning as the room seemed to change color every time she blinked, once white the other for and the pale grey

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

of concrete, the light from a clear white, to a faded yellow of an old bulb. She could hear the two men exit the room, "what was going on, why did they leave her by herself?" She tried to use this opportunity to attempt to escape, she tried to slip her hands through the cuffs but they were clamped too tightly, she pulled and pulled until the cuffs were starting to cut into her skin. Finally a voice over some kind of intercom comes on "for the last time, where is he?" She bowed her head in frustration as she began to cry, "I . . I don't even know anymore" she said with a mutter, too tired of what she was going through to even care. Just then, the cuffs fall to the ground, her head darts around to see if anyone undid them, no one. A familiar voice fills the room "I'm sorry" suddenly the room was not changing anymore, she could see clearly the white tile floor, the white paneling on the wall and the lone white ceiling light that illuminated the room. Hopelessness faded as she began to understand what was happening, "we had to do this, there was no other way." the voice filled the room once more. Christina rushes to the door, it's locked, she bangs on it frantically "Let me out of here!" she screams. "We will, but first you need to calm down." Christina slides down the door with tears rolling down her face, "why, why would you do this to me?" A moment of silence, interrupted only by the sobs of the girl. "we couldn't risk the enemy finding out about our leader, it would jeopardize everything, we had to torture you until you forgot." Christina's fist slams against the door, "you knew I wouldn't tell, I showed you that I wouldn't tell them." The voice replies solemnly "It wasn't enough, we had to be absolutely sure, you have to understand the situation you put us in." The door opens, and her body falls to the ground past the threshold. Two men she had never seen before pick her up and take her back to the infirmary room she remembered being placed in from before. A while passes until a man enters her room, she looks at his face, she can't put a name to it, but it looks familiar.

## Chapter 7 by Aηηιє ღειGH (GONE...)



### Rebel leader's POV

It must be her. It's the only possibility.

"*You* are... *you*..." she stutters. She closes her eyes and I can tell she has already forgotten what I look like

She opens her eyes again, and I feel a lump in my throat.

Harry don't blame yourself. You did nothing wrong. She will be safe. I tell myself.

She might not be able to remember my name, but she will know she will remember something. Who I am. I am the leader of the rebellion.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

"Hello, Christina" I whisper.

"Sir" she gets up, and straightens her clothing. I don't understand why I feel remorse since I've saved her.

*You did it, Harry. You've saved the love of your life. Now, she can never be hurt again. She has forgotten you, for the best.*

I sigh, and I shake the hand she has held out.

"I... Sir, I know this might sound ungrateful, but I would like an explanation on why I had to go through... through" she seems confused. The forgetting serum is working. She doesn't remember having been through torture.

Perfect. Or not.

"Sir, it is an honor to serve you and-"

I can't resist it, and I pull her into a hug. She is stiff at first, perplexed. I don't budge, and my eyes start to water.

I will never have my Christina back. She is gone, gone forever. I put all of my love I had for her into the hug. I will never hug her again. I must stay as far away as possible from her now, for her safety.

I release her and step back a few steps "soldier. Good... Good luck".

She nods, and I leave her.

As I turn away from her, a tear slips down my cheek.

"Good bye, Christina" I whisper, and the door closes behind me.

## Chapter 8 by Aηηιє ℓєιgh (GONE...)



Nothing is worse than losing someone you care about when you didn't *have to lose them*. I *killed* Christina.

'Us' wouldn't have worked. It was too much of a risk. Too dangerous.

But then, an idea pops into my head.

All I need to do is go through the same process she did. I just need to be brainwashed like her.

I could forget the relationship I had with her. I could forget the silkiness of her hair, the

innocence of her eyes, the delicateness of her hands, the softness of her lips.

See more of Story Wars

I whisk that idea away.

I could never live like that.

Login

or

Create new account

I to be

I'd rather die a million times than forget her face.

I'd rather wait a thousand years.

the end

Write a comment...

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account